

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.
THE
THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.



JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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Vol. 19.

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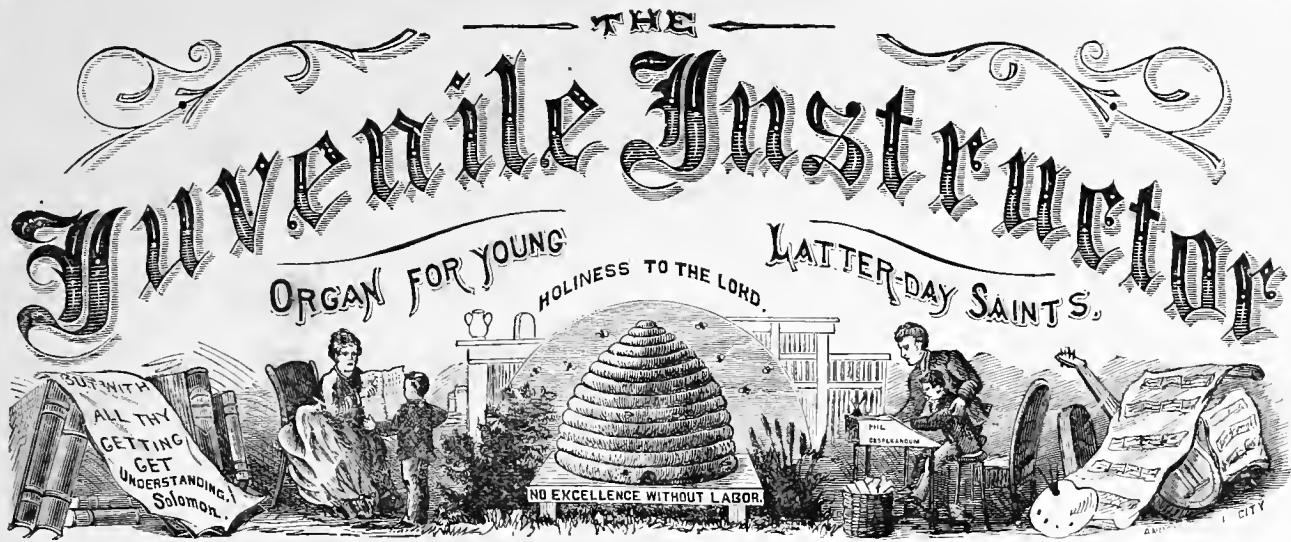
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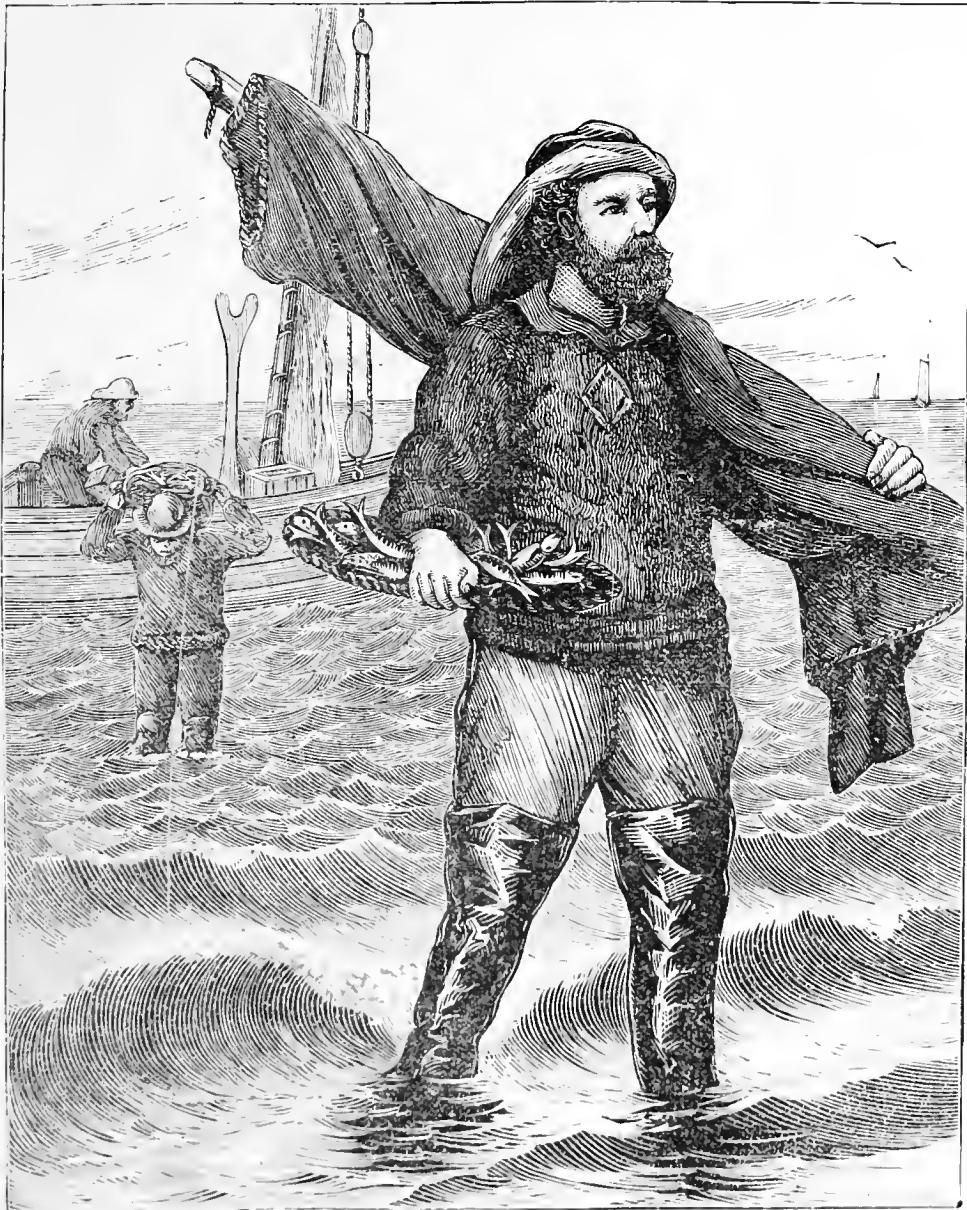
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NO. 5.

THE HARDY FISHERMAN.

THE landsman, however difficult or dangerous his trade, can scarcely imagine the skill and courage which the successful sea-fisherman must possess. Nor is it easy to understand how the sea-going husband and father can maintain his family and himself and be contented upon the meagre returns afforded by his perilous occupation. There are, to be sure, peculiarly fortunate individuals following the vocation of fishermen, and there are occasional seasons of general good luck. With such people and at such times the returns are possibly equal to the labor, even if they do not balance



the peril. But ordinarily the fisherman takes more risks of life and limb, labors harder and submits to more exposure for a smaller return than any other craftsman known.

The pretty cut represents a herring-fisher taking ashore his prolific catch. The herring fisheries are probably the most productive in the world, and give employment to a larger number of persons than any other food-producing industry outside of agriculture. Fishing for herring presents wonderfully tempting and yet hazardous features. The season is as long as the year; and the hardy sailor spreads his

nets through all the months; in Summer's heat and Winter's icy storm. The herring is an inhabitant of the deep sea water, whence it migrates shoreward at frequent intervals. The largest shoals of the fish are found in the months of August and September, during which time the industry is most active. The favorite boat in use is the undocked or open one represented in the picture, as it allows a greater proportion of space for nets and catch. Each boat is manned by a crew of four to eight men, and has a train of nets nearly a mile in length. When the little vessel has arrived at the selected spot, the nets are all paid out, and at sunset, when they are all trailed, the crew go to rest. Sometimes they awake to find their cast vain; at other times their little craft will barely contain the catch; while not unfrequently they are roused to battle for life with the fierce sea. Every little port has its tales of boats which sailed out with the afternoon sun shining upon their white sails, and never came back to shore. And yet the true fisherman is wedded to his life of toil, privation and jeopardy. And even the women and children, who may in any gale be made widows and orphans, are devoted to the sea-shore and to the illimitable harvest field beyond.

The fisherman finds a ready sale for his herring, thousands of tons of which are shipped all over the civilized world every year. We get them in many forms here in Utah; but the most common is the "bloat," which, properly dressed, is a very palatable fish.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE MIND.

BY J. H. W.

A N amusing illustration of the absurdities of infidel theories may be found in the journal of the late Professor Schleiden. He says: "Some years ago I was very intimate with the directing physician of a lunatic asylum, and I used industriously to avail myself, of the liberty I thus obtained, to visit at will the house and its inhabitants. One morning I entered the room of a madman whose constantly varying hallucinations especially interested me. I found him crouching down by the stove, watching with close attention a saucépan, the contents of which he was carefully stirring. At the noise of my entrance he turned round and with a look of greatest importance whispered, 'Hush, hush! don't disturb my little pigs; they will be ready directly.' Full of curiosity to know whether his diseased imagination now led him I approached nearer. 'You see,' said he, with a very wise look upon his face, 'here I have blood, pig's bones, and bristles in the saucépan—everything that is necessary; we only want a little warmth, and the young pigs will be ready made again.'"

Laughable as this incident may appear, it is questionable, if the mere form of the delusion were the criterion of insanity, whether some of our distinguished naturalists would not have to take up their abode in an insane asylum.

Thus far we have only considered the origin of life, as confirmatory of man's spiritual nature. There are, however, other themes which point as clearly to the same truth. The functions of the nervous system—sensation and voluntary motion—cannot be explained by any other theory. The nerve-structure only implies a capability of reception and transmission. In other words, it is the telegraph system that conveys

intelligence to, and transmits the wishes of the immortal soul. It is true that the active exertions of the power of the soul, require a corresponding health in the bodily organs, since the most accomplished artisan cannot exhibit his full powers with imperfect tools and materials; yet as the injury or destruction of the implement is no proof of the death of the artisan, so the injury or destruction of the body destroys not the soul.

Notwithstanding the importance of healthy nerve-structure for the manifestation of mental phenomena, the mind is not so entirely dependent on the brain as is generally supposed. According to the best medical testimony, every part of the brain has been, in one instance or another, destroyed or disorganized without affecting the corresponding intellectual powers. Abererombie tells us of a lady in whom one-half of the brain was disorganized, but who retained all her faculties to the last, except that one eye and one ear had become unable to perform their offices. Her powers of reasoning and discrimination between right and wrong remained as strong as ever. A patient of Dr. Kingdon, of Stratton, Cornwall, was kicked by a horse. The whole of the brain on one side was taken out and a silver false skull put on. Yet he recovered and his intellect was in no respect disordered by the accident. In the attack on the Redan fort, at the siege of Sebastopol, a young soldier was shot through the left parietal bone by a minnie bullet. The brain protruded through the orifice in the skull and a surgeon thrust his finger to its full length within the brain to find the bullet, and the portion of the skull which had been carried inward. Neither could be discovered. Yet the wound healed and the man continued lively and intelligent.

There is no constant relation between the integrity of mind and body. The mind is sometimes an agonizing sufferer, while the body is in perfect health; and only slowly, and by degrees, the mind brings the bodily organs into a sympathetic state. Though the body cannot long resist the influence of mental disease; yet the mind can effectually resist the depressing influence of bodily disease or bodily pain, even to the period of their separation. Paralysis has unnerved and unstrung the whole system and yet the mind has remained uninjured. Such was the case with the great French statesman, Talleyrand, who, with a body like a living tomb, retained his faculties unimpaired. Nor need we more than allude to the rejoicing moment of the dying saint or the triumphs of the martyr at the stake, to show that the mind can continue in calm serenity, while the body is enduring the most excruciating torments, or losing at once its vitality and power.

This is also manifest in what is termed *consciousness*, which may be defined as the knowledge which the mind has of its own operations. In the sphere of consciousness are produced what are called ideas. Some of these are related to physical objects; of such are our notions of figure, extension, number and space. Others are independent of any object perceptible to the bodily senses. Such are the ideas of good and evil, just and unjust, true and false, etc.

Connected with consciousness we may include sensations, sentiments and emotions. When we say we feel heat or cold, etc., we refer to sensation; when we speak of feelings of the sublime and beautiful, of esteem and gratitude, etc., we refer to sentiments; and when we speak of feelings of pleasure or pain, joy or sorrow, we refer to emotions. Now these sentiments and emotions of the mind have a wonderful influence upon the body. For example, joy causes a brilliancy of the eyes, an inclination to sing, jump and laugh. Melancholy

produces a directly opposite effect from joy. The emotion of anger urges the circulation of the blood to the utmost vehemence, sometimes producing tremors or spasmodic action of the muscles. It acts also upon the secretions—the saliva milk and bile—which often become actually poisoned. The sickness and death of many children are caused by taking the milk of an enraged mother.

The independent action of the mind is also manifest in the phenomenon of sleep. That personality is not suspended, is proved by voluntary waking at a predetermined hour.

Dreaming is another proof of mental activity and independence. Then the mind is withdrawn from the ordinary influences of the world around, and lives, as it were, in a world of its own. Hence the adaptability of the dream state to spiritual communication and inspiration, as referred to so often in the scriptures. In examining thus a few particulars in which the bodily organization is acted upon by its spiritual inhabitant, we find abundant proof of the independent nature of the soul, as taught in holy writ.

HEALING THE SICK.

BY W. J.

FATHER ADAM'S sons and daughters are subject to much affliction and very many diseases here in mortality, and, although it is claimed that much is known relative to the proper treatment of disease, yet there exists a vast amount of ignorance of the cause and cure of the ills of humanity; and the results are, destructive experimenting, waste of precious life, heart-rending bereavements, and sorrow such as no pen can depict. How, then, should sickness and disease be treated?

In the Polynesian island of Samoa, when a person is afflicted with disease, no medicine is given internally, but the priest, or "mystery man," applies oil to the exterior of the sick man, and appeals to the "god of diseases" to restore him to health. If he dies, the doctor's reputation is effected, but he interviews the spirit of the dead man, and learns from him that through some crime of the sick man, committed at an earlier period of his life, against the gods, he so offended them that it was impossible for all the priests on the island to prevail with them to heal his body or preserve his life; and thus the reputation of the "mystery man" is sustained and increased. Tradition seems to have favored the untutored Samoan with a very faint idea of an ancient and correct method of administering to the sick.

In Old Calabar a favorite method of restoring an afflicted person to health is to bury a dog, all excepting his head, in the earth near the threshold of the sick man's house, the belief being that as the animal gradually starves to death, the human sufferer will recover. "In the same dark land, when smallpox is raging, those who have as yet escaped, will dot their bodies all over with some pigment, to cheat the supposed god of the terrible disease in question into the belief that they are already stricken, and thus be induced to pass by them."

But leaving dark lands and their customs, and stepping into the light of Christendom, we there find pills, potions and cure-alls of endless variety. It is claimed for some of them, by quacks, that they not only possess curative powers, but intellectual properties. One medicine has been represented

as attacking the particular disease for which it is compounded, when it exists in the human body, but when it does not exist there, it passes along its course without attacking any other disease, and without producing the slightest effect upon the human machinery. Another, in the form of pills styled "early wakers," will enable a person to wake up in the morning at any desired hour, thus exhibiting a knowledge of the passage of time, and an agency and power to arouse the drowsy sleeper at will. The eighth wonder! Bah!

Now, the Lord surely knows more than man about the ailments of the human body and their treatment, and we will try to ascertain His mode of treatment in times past. The remedy for Naaman's leprosy was this: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." Did this produce the cure? History answers as follows: "Then went he down and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God, and his flesh came again like the flesh of a little child, and he was clean." In the case of the Shunammite's son, Elisha prayed unto the Lord, and stretched himself upon the child, putting "his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands," and after repeating this the boy was restored to life. Elijah did a similar thing to restore the widow's son. When the Israelites murmured against Moses and against God, they were bitten by fiery serpents, and in answer to the prayer of Moses in behalf of the people, the Lord said: "Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live." Moses did this, "and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." However, it must not be forgotten that faith and obedience proved the main key of power in these instances.

When the Savior of the world dwelt among men, a woman that had been diseased twelve years touched the hem of His garment, and He said unto her: "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole;" and she was healed. To the man who had a withered hand, He said: "Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it out; and his hand was restored whole, as the other." In the case of the lunatic child, Jesus rebuked the devil, "and the child was cured from that very hour." "He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay, and said unto him, Go wash in the pool of Siloam. He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing." After administering to Simon's wife's mother, who was healed, many who were sick with divers diseases were brought unto Him, "and He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them."

Peter said to the lame man: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And he rose, walked, leaped and praised God. Paul said to the cripple: "Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked." Paul himself had his sight restored through the laying on of the hands of Ananias, and the exercise of the power of God through that ordinance. But lack of space prevents the introduction of any more illustrative instances.

The risen Jesus gave the general law to the eleven as they sat at meat: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they

shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; *they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.*" And James, the second in authority after Jesus was crucified, writing "to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad," thus lays down a general law for them: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the Elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

In these words of James and Jesus may be found the general law of God for the benefit of the sick among His children. "But," says an objector, "James prescribes for Israel only, and Jesus for believers only, and what are we to do if we are not of Israel and if we do not believe?" Simply nothing, so far as the laying on of hands is concerned, for Jesus says: "These signs shall follow them that *believe*;" "they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover;" and James says: "The *prayer of faith* shall save the sick;" therefore, as the promise of Jesus was to every creature that believed in all the world, let every creature believe, repent, be baptized for the remission of sins, receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and secure the faith necessary to obtain and enjoy the blessing of healing as promised to believers by the Son of God.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 60.)

THE food had to be carefully husbanded. The greater part of the people weighed out their flour and cooked and ate so much per day. Those who were destitute had to be helped, and though there were some cases of selfishness, these were the exceptions; the people generally were kind to each other, and were ready to help to the extent of their power. Bishops Tarleton Lewis and Edward Hunter were appointed to act in behalf of the destitute and to see that they did not suffer. As the food brought in the wagons was not sufficient to supply the wants of the people, recourse was had to such roots as could be procured. One or two persons were poisoned during the winter by eating wild parsnip roots; but sago and thistle roots were dug, and were considered, in the hungry condition the people were then in, a great luxury. In the Spring, the thistle-tops were cooked for greens, and pronounced excellent. We scarcely think a mess of thistle tops would be thought a fine dish now; but we remember thinking them the best greens we had ever tasted. The wheat which was brought through as a part of the outfit for the people, was ground at a little mill on City Creek, owned by Bro. Charles Crismon. There was no bolt to the mill, and the flour, shorts and bran had to be eaten together, a very healthy kind of flour, full of strength and nutriment, but not such, perhaps, as people of delicate palates and stomachs would choose. Hunger, however, made this flour very sweet to those who used it, and it proved a most excellent, healthy diet. We think that if we had no bolting cloth in any of our mills at the present time, and the people were to be compelled to eat their flour unbolted, as those did who lived in this valley at the time we refer to, good health would be much more common than it is. In those days, when an extra fine pan of biscuits was desired, as was sometimes the case on a birthday, or when neighbors visited each other, the

house-wife would use a corn meal sieve to take out the coarsest of the bran, and even then the flour was what would now be called very coarse.

Living on short rations was particularly hard on young people who were growing and who had plenty of steady, hard work to do. After living for months without having an opportunity of gratifying the appetite to its full extent, they would be apt to wonder how it was, when they had plenty of food, and the privilege of eating all they wished, they ever stopped eating; for in the hungry condition in which they were then, it seemed to them that if they had plenty of food, they would not know how to stop eating it. Their systems, being reduced by the scantiness of their food and the hard labor they had to perform, craved nourishment, and the filling of the stomach once did not satisfy this craving. We will relate an instance to illustrate this:

A boy who was approaching manhood was allowed the privilege of inviting some of his companions to dinner on his birthday, which happened to be in mid-winter, when the scarcity of food was probably felt more keenly than at any other time during the season of scarcity. At that meal, and for that occasion only, as it was his birthday, food was not to be measured, but all were to eat as much as they pleased. Some of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR may have had the experience of living for some time on a short allowance of food. If so, they can easily imagine the feelings of the boy whose birthday was to be thus celebrated. He dwelt with a rare anticipation of enjoyment on the feast in preparation, and made his calculations on the quantity he meant to eat. "I will eat," said he to himself, "enough at that meal to make up for the scantiness of many future meals." But alas! he found, when he had done his best, that he had eaten but little more than his usual rations, and had failed completely in laying up such a store as he had anticipated. He had not been aware until he made this trial, that his stomach had contracted, and had accommodated itself to the limited quantity of food which it received at each meal, and, therefore, could not be so suddenly distended for one meal to suit his wishes. Half an hour after he had eaten, he was hungry again, and could he then have sat down to such another meal, it is probable he could have eaten as much as he did before.

One of the chief causes of thistle tops being so welcome in the Spring of 1848 was, they filled up and distended the stomach. Bulk is as necessary as nutriment to food, as the people who lived here in those days learned. To have the stomach full was an agreeable sensation, even if the contents were only thistle tops. People thrived better on a much smaller quantity of flour with plenty of greens, than they did on flour alone, even though the extra flour they ate without the greens might have contained more nutriment than the greens.

The beef used during the Winter was generally very poor. The most of the cattle had reached the valley late in the season and then had to be worked hard to prepare for Winter; of course they had no chance to improve in flesh. Those which were turned out on the range as soon as they reached here did but little more than keep up the flesh they had, without getting fat. Butter and tallow were, consequently, very scarce articles, and the people craved them. Some felt the need of grease of some kind so much that it seemed as if their entrails would crack for want of it. Where milk was freely used this want was not so sensibly felt; but many did not have milk in the Winter, and having nothing but the leanest of beef to eat, their natures craved grease of some kind.

There was nothing that could contribute to sustain life that was wilfully suffered to go to waste. If an ox mired, and he were too poor to get out or to live if pulled out, his throat was cut and his carcass was used as food. The big grey wolves came down from the mountains in March, 1848, and chased the cattle which were feeding on the east bench in sight of the fort. They succeeded in killing several head. Even those parts of this meat which the wolves had not torn were used for food. Some few persons even tried the flesh of crows to see what nutriment they could extract from it; but we believe where the experiment was made once, it was not repeated.

(To be Continued.)

LORD NELSON.

(Continued from page 61.)

ABOUT three weeks after Nelson's arrival, a signal was made that Villeneuve was coming out of Cadiz. The fleets of France and Spain consisted of thirty-three sail of the line and seven large frigates, and, both in point of size and weight of metal, they had a still greater advantage than in numbers over the English. Moreover, they had on board four thousand troops, and among these were the best riflemen that could be found in Europe. Villeneuve, tacking to the northward, and bringing the shoals of Trafalgar under the lee of the English, while keeping the port of Cadiz open for himself, formed his fleet in a double line.

At daybreak on the morning of the 21st of October, Villeneuve's fleet became distinctly visible from the deck of the *Victory*, and a signal was made for the English to bear down upon the enemy. Accordingly, the fleet advanced; the lee line of thirteen ships being led by Collingwood, the weather line by Nelson in the *Victory*, which carried several colors, lest one should be shot away.

At an early hour Captain Blackwood came on board the *Victory*, and found Nelson, who was dressed in his admiral's frock-coat, and decorated with badges of four of the orders to which he had been admitted, in high spirits, but calm, conscious that his life would be aimed at, and with an anticipation that he was destined to purchase victory with his life. He was, however, paying the utmost attention to the enemy, and predicting that the issue of the encounter would be a triumph for England.

"Blackwood," he suddenly asked, "what should you consider a victory?"

"Well," answered Captain Blackwood, "considering the handsome way in which battle is offered by the enemy, I think it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured."

"No," exclaimed Nelson, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

"Don't you think," said Nelson, after a pause, "don't you think there is a signal wanting?"

"It seems to me," replied Blackwood, "that the whole fleet clearly understand what they are about."

But scarcely were the words spoken when that signal was made, so well remembered, and never without a glow of patriotic ardor:

"England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

"Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must now trust to the great Disposer of events and to the justice of

our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

By this time a long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz, and the English ships, crowding all sail, were majestically moving onward. Villeneuve, viewing them from the deck of the *Bucentaure*, and unable to repress his admiration, involuntarily exclaimed to his officers that such conduct could hardly fail of success. A few minutes before twelve o'clock the French opened fire, at first with single guns, to ascertain the range; and Nelson, perceiving that the shot passed over the *Victory*, desired Captain Blackwood to repair to his frigate."

"My lord," said Blackwood, as he left the *Victory*. "I hope soon to return and find you in possession of twenty prizes."

"God bless you, Blackwood," said Nelson; "I shall never see you again. See," he exclaimed, "how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

After the French had continued to fire for some time, they observed a shot pass through the main topgallant sail of the *Victory*, and hoping to disable her before she could close with them, they aimed at her rigging, keeping up a raking fire, which quickly wounded many of her men, and sent several of them to their last account. Nevertheless, for some considerable time after the French opened fire the *Victory* did not return a single shot. A few minutes after twelve, however, her guns thundered forth on the enemy from both sides of her deck.

"It is impossible," said Captain Hardy, addressing Nelson, "to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Which would you prefer?"

"Take your choice, Hardy," answered Nelson; "which it is does not matter much."

Captain Hardy, exercising his discretion, ordered the master to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*. This ship, the tops of which were filled with riflemen, received the *Victory* with a broadside, and, for fear of being boarded, let down her lower deck ports, and did not again fire a great gun during the action. Nelson, supposing from this circumstance that the *Redoubtable* had struck, issued orders to refrain from firing. But, though her great guns were silent, the riflemen who filled her tops continued to deal destruction around.

It was a quarter past one o'clock, and Nelson was standing on the deck of the *Victory*, when a ball fired from the Mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable* struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and prostrated him on his face. Three sailors instantly rushing forward, raised him to his feet; and Captain Hardy turning round and seeing what had happened, hastened to their assistance.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said Nelson.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes," replied Nelson, "my backbone is shot through."

But at this moment the hero's presence of mind did not desert him. Covering his face and his stars, that the crew might not be aware that he was wounded, he allowed himself to be carried to the cockpit, and placed in a midshipman's berth. The wound was found to be mortal; but this circumstance was concealed from all except the chaplain and the surgeons. Nelson, though in great pain, feeling certain that nothing could be done for him, requested the surgeons to attend to those to whom they might be useful. But they continued to fan him, and gave him lemonade to assuage his thirst, which was intense. Nevertheless, at each cheer from the crew,

which announced that a French ship had struck, his eye brightened, his tongue uttered an exclamation of joy, and he became more and more anxious to hear of the battle from Captain Hardy, who was absent more than an hour before he could again leave the deck.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, when the captain appeared, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck; but five of the van have tacked, and seem to be bearing down on the *Victory*. However, I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "that none of our ships have struck."

"No fear of that," replied the gallant captain.

"Hardy," said Nelson, for the first time speaking of himself, "I am a dead man. I am going fast. Come nearer to me," he continued; "let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me."

"I trust," said Captain Hardy, "that the doctor can still hold out hope."

"Oh no," replied Nelson, "my back is shot through. He will tell you so."

But the battle still raged fiercely, and Captain Hardy was under the necessity of hastening back to the deck. For fifty minutes he was absent. At the end of that time, however, he returned to the cockpit, and, taking Nelson's hand, congratulated the dying hero on having won a complete victory.

"I do not know exactly how many of the enemy we have taken," he said, "but fourteen or fifteen at least."

"Tis well—'tis excellent!" exclaimed Nelson; "but yet," he added, thinking of his conversation with Captain Blackwood, "I had bargained for twenty. However, anchor, Hardy, anchor."

"Don't you think," suggested Hardy, "that Admiral Collingwood will take the direction of affairs?"

"Not while I live," said Nelson, making an effort to raise himself. "Obey my orders, and anchor. And," he continued, "don't fling me overboard. I wish to repose with my family in the church-yard of my native village. Unless," he added, thinking of Westminster Abbey, "my king and my country should be pleased to order otherwise. Now kiss me, Hardy!"

Nelson now seemed to sink, and after a few moments Hardy stooped down and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" asked Nelson.

"It is Hardy," was the answer.

"God bless you, Hardy! God bless you!" exclaimed Nelson, and they parted.

"Turn me on my right side," said Nelson to those around; "I wish I hadn't left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." However, he continued to exclaim repeatedly, "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

But death was now rapidly approaching. Nelson's articulation gradually became more difficult and less distinct. At half past four, just after the last guns fired at the flying enemy sounded in his ears, and proclaimed that the victory was complete, the hero breathed his last, and sank in death.

The mortal remains of Nelson were brought in the *Victory* to England. A public funeral was decreed; and after lying in state in a coffin long before made of the mast of the *Orient*, the corpse was laid with all honors in St. Paul's Cathedral. Never had warrior been more highly venerated or more sin-

cerely lamented. By his sailors he was regarded as a saint. The leaden coffin in which he had been brought from Trafalgar was cut in pieces, to be distributed as relics of Nelson; and the flag with which he was lowered into the grave was rent to fragments by the sailors who assisted at the ceremony, that each, while he lived, might preserve a memorial of the man who had fought triumphantly, and died gloriously, in vindicating England's claim to the sovereignty of the seas.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

GRAND SCENERY—PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS IN DENVER—DEBT AND TAXATION—THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE—PAY AS YOU GO.

THE trip over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, which I have just taken, is one never to be forgotten, because of the grandeur of the scenery. The passage of Marshall's Pass, 10,857 feet above the level of the sea, the highest railroad point on the continent of North America, is a stupendous piece of engineering. The scenery of the Black and Grand canyons is indescribably majestic, and impresses the traveler with a feeling of awe. I have been familiar with mountain scenery since my boyhood, but this surpasses all I had ever seen. I am told that the Winter is not a favorable season in which to travel through this region. Perhaps not. But I am inclined to think there is a grandeur in these snow-covered mountains, crags and trees, for which Summer softness and verdure is not a compensation.

I was scarcely prepared to see Denver so large and well-built a city. It contains, I am told, 75,000 inhabitants, and from its appearance I should judge it is not over-estimated. One is impressed with the evidences of wealth exhibited in business blocks, stores and private residences. And I am told there is a great wealth here. The town was languishing for a time; but upon the discovery of the rich mines of Leadville, everything sprang into active life, and the greater part of the fine buildings now to be seen were erected. Many of the business blocks and private residences would be admired in any city, and the latter, I am told, are as elegantly finished and furnished inside as they are outside. The Tabor Opera House will compare favorably with the finest places of amusement in New York. A county courthouse, just finished, called forth my admiration. It is a beautiful specimen of architecture. It has cost \$320,000. The City Hall, also is a superb building recently erected.

These costly buildings prompt inquiries about taxation and debt. Such structures, and the city and county expenses, must call for money, and plenty of it. I could not, in the few hours I was there, learn the exact amount of the debt; but I was told it is heavy. Taxes are three per cent. upon a two-third valuation of property.

I admired these beautiful public improvements, and who would not? They are attractive, they adorn the city, they exhibit enterprise and they impress the visitor. But there is a question of great importance connected with them. Is it wise to burden the community with debt in order to erect such buildings? Upon this question men differ. Some contend that a community should not be afraid of contracting

debts for erecting buildings, or doing any other necessary work in the benefits of which posterity will share. Persons who take this view are in favor of creating a bonded debt, if necessary, to accomplish a public improvement, and they are willing that their children should help pay it. Of course, a bonded debt means increased taxation; for people in these days will not loan money unless they can get a good interest for it. Whenever, then, improvements are made with borrowed money, it inevitably follows that taxes must increase.

I do not admire our public buildings, either city or county, as I do those of Denver. But I admire the policy which our county and city officials have followed much more than I would if they had contracted debt to erect finer buildings. Public debt is as much to be dreaded, in its place, as private debt. Personally I am opposed to public debt and heavy taxation. It should be the aim of all officials, in my opinion, to keep it down to the lowest possible figure. We have more people owning their homes in Salt Lake City, for the number of the population, than any other city, probably, on the continent. While taxation remains low this will doubtless continue to be the case. The poor man and the poor woman—the laboring man and the widow, can continue to hold their homes and to live in them. But let the taxes be increased, and many of these classes will be tempted to sell their homes and become tenants. The entire policy of Zion is opposed to this. Any combination of circumstances that would bring about such a condition of affairs would be a misfortune. Our people should be owners of the soil and of their homes, and not tenants. Everything possible should be done to attach them to the soil; for then they are better citizens, they feel a deeper interest in all public affairs and in the prosperity of the country than is possible for tenants to do.

As for posterity, they will have enough to carry without our transmitting any burdens to them. They should, at least, have some voice respecting the debts they have to pay; and, as they cannot be consulted upon the subject, I do not think it fair to impose debt upon them.

I have always admired the sentiment of John Randolph, the eminent Virginia statesman: "Mr. Speaker," said he on one occasion on the floor of the House of Representatives of the United States, "I have discovered the philosopher's stone! It is, PAY AS YOU GO."

This is a maxim that, if followed, will lead to true prosperity and wealth. Men or communities who follow it may not make such a show, to begin with, as those who disregard it; but wait and see the outcome! History is full of illustrations of the results. Our individual experience, as we gain it in daily life, teaches us that Randolph's philosopher's stone is more fruitful in good results than the old stone for which many of the ancients sought so diligently.

Though I have been so much pleased with Denver, I am, nevertheless, glad that our public buildings are so modest and plain; that is, if it means public debt and increased taxation to have finer ones. Let us be content with what we have until we can pay for building more elegant ones out of our own public money. It is easy, if you have credit, to shine in borrowed plumes; but what person of fine feelings wishes to do so? It is always a comfort to persons properly constituted, if their dress or their houses or other surroundings are plain, to know that they are their own, and that they are not in debt for them. They can enjoy what they have with a satisfaction that it would be impossible to feel in the midst of the most elegant surroundings for which they were in debt; or, in other words, which would not be their own.

I cannot close this article without alluding to the very fine school buildings which I saw in Denver. They are admirable. These are built out of public funds, which came into use for this purpose when the State was admitted into the Union. These are advantages denied to us at present. As a Territory, we cannot get the benefit of any lands or funds set apart for school purposes. We never shall need them worse, probably, than we do at present; but we must learn to dispense with aid of this character. There is no disposition at present, on the part of those in power, to let us have it. It is, perhaps, just as well that it is so; for we learn to depend upon the Lord and our own exertions, and are under no obligations to any one but Him.

IRON GRAY.

BY J. C.

A GIFTED youth of goodly parts,
Was little Iron Gray,
No guile had he, nor cunning arts
To lead his mates astray.
He was his parents' hope and pride,
Their light, and love, and joy;
And fame had stamped him far and wide,
A sweet and modest boy.

And would you know what made this youth
So much to be admired?
So fraught with hope, so full of truth,
So much by bliss inspired?
It was because he loved to be
To others just and kind,
And strove that truth and purity
Might fill his youthful mind.

His father and his mother too
Had tutored him to know
That if he would be pure and true,
And honored here below,
He must be good in every way,
And pray to God above
To guide his steps from day to day,
And fill his soul with love.

His schoolmates and his teachers too,
Could trust this truthful boy;
They knew he would not say or do
A thing to mar their joy.
And it was Iron's steady rule
To all his tasks prepare,
And 'tend the day and Sabbath school
In weather foul or fair.

His books and things he watched with care,
His clothes were neat and clean;
He washed and combed with taste so rare,
As seldom could be seen.
And beast or bird, in mead or bower,
He loved and treated good;
And praised the Lord for tree and flower,
And life, and health, and food.

And Iron never told a lie,
Was never known to swear;
Bad boys who'd steal be'd pass them by,
As though they were not there.
And those who'd vex their parents kind,
And give them grief and pain,
Iron's respect could never find,
His friendship never gain.

Now, little girl, or little boy,
If you would honored be,
And have kind heaven's peace and joy,
To bless and make you free;
Just do the very best you can,
Where duty points the way;
And emulate the model plan
Of honest Iron Gray.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A MISSIONARY'S LOSS OF FRIENDS—INTELLECTUAL STAGNATION ONE CAUSE OF IT—INDOLENCE AND INTELLIGENCE CANNOT TRAVEL TOGETHER—ADVANCEMENT SHOULD BE MADE EVERY DAY.



YOUNG man who recently returned from a mission, said the other day: "I have lost some of the friends, who were formerly to me dear companions. That is, I meet the young men as of old, their manners are familiar and kind; but there does not seem to be any sympathy between us. Why is this?" The young Elder's modesty forbade his giving the answer, although it is a very apparent one. He had been walking onward in the path of intelligence, while some of his old associates had stood musing by the wayside. No wonder that he could not find these friends. They were so far behind him intellectually as to be lost to his sight. He had been in fulfillment of a sacred call, where his mind had been accorded room to spread and strengthen; where, in fact, the daily necessities of his position had made him a student and a thinker. Some of his friends at home had marched along the same noble highway of mind. These he found on his return. They lived in the exalted realm that he occupied. And with such he could still be a sympathizing friend. But the others, in whom two years had witnessed no self-improvement, were as strangers. They were just where he left them. But he had long since passed the mile-stone at which they were standing. And so he and they, once loving and admiring companions, were separated in thought, and feeling, and aspiration—probably never more in this world to be united in the friendliness of mutual ambitions.

What a sorrowful realization it must have been to the young missionary! He had parted from certain particular ones among his associates with a personal pang of sorrow, the greatest relief of which was the loyal trust that on his return they would still walk hand in hand with him. He doubted not that the ruggedness of life's path would be softened by the tread of friendly feet, that the storm-clouds would be dispelled by the sunlight of companionable smiles. During his long absence he delighted to single out these particular comrades in his thoughts and project their future. It was all bright with the vigor of manly work and unyielding yet progressive truth. But the end was a grievous disappointment. Some of the dearest of his friends, while they still adhered to their glorious faith, were slow in the work of righteous advancement. Henceforth their way would lie far in the rear of his path. If he had serious pain, what must have been the feeling of his indolent or thoughtless friends!

The young man or woman, the boy or girl, who becomes intellectually or spiritually dormant, does not realize the loss until brought into contact with a former associate who has progressed in faith and good works. It must be a very cutting thing, then, for a young person possessing ambition and sensitiveness. He or she marks the change, and wonders and repines unavailingly. There is only one resource and that is an awakening, which shall last until the evening of life. How much less humiliating, how much brighter and better to let each decade, each year, each day witness its rightful advance.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

PRIDE differs in many things from vanity, and by gradations that never blend, although they may be somewhat indistinguishable. Pride may perhaps be termed a too high opinion of ourselves, founded on the *over-rating* of certain qualities that we do actually possess; whereas vanity is more easily satisfied, and can extract a feeling of self-complacency from qualifications that are *imaginary*. Vanity can also feed upon externals, but pride must have more or less of that which is intrinsic: the proud therefore do not set so high a value upon wealth as the vain, neither are they so much depressed by poverty. Vanity looks to the many, and to the moment; pride to the future, and to the few: hence pride has more difficulties, and vanity more disappointments; neither does she bear them so well, for she at times distrusts herself, whereas pride despises others. For the vain man cannot always be certain of the validity of his pretensions, because they are often as empty as that very vanity which has created them; therefore it is necessary for his happiness that they should be confirmed by the opinion of his neighbors, and his own vote in favor of himself he thinks of little weight until it be backed by the suffrages of others. The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right. But the proud man wants no such confirmations; his pretensions may be small, but they are something, and his error lies in over-rating them. If others appreciate his merits less highly, he attributes it either to their envy or to their ignorance, and enjoys in prospect that period when time shall have removed the film from their eyes. Therefore, the proud man can afford to wait, because he has no doubt of the strength of his capital, and can also live by anticipation, on that fame which he has persuaded himself that he deserves. He often draws indeed too largely upon posterity, but even here he is safe; for should the bills be dishonored, this cannot happen until that debt which cancels all others shall have been paid.—*Colton*.

DR. KANE, finding a flower under the Humboldt glacier, was more affected by it because it grew beneath the lip and cold bosom of the ice, than he would have been by the most gorgeous garden bloom. So some single, struggling grace, in the heart of one far removed from divine influences, is dearer than a whole catalogue of virtues in the life of one more favored of heaven.

A SUMMER DAY.

BY HOMESPUN.

A DAY of perfect loveliness! Trees, flowers, ferns and dewy grass swayed softly in the Summer breeze, and murmured with delight. The great, shadowy forest was cool and calm. The pretty, crystal waters that rolled softly o'er a sand-bed through the forest and into the valley beyond, were called Silent Creek by the villagers who lived along the banks; the depth of the channel, and absence of boulders, making it a deep, slow, placid stream. But under the forest trees, the dappled waters were trickling and gurgling with joy for mere existence.

Up this pretty stream, five cows with lustrous skins were slowly splashing along. There were Blackie and Millie with skins of jet; and Damson with bluish sides and white head and feet; then Frostie and Nell, with two white, snowy skins that almost glistened in the radiant sunlight, so sleek and fat were their owners.

Blackie, Millie and Damson waded quietly along, for they were old, steady cows who had gained wisdom and silence with long experience. Frostie and Nell were young and full of frisky life, given to discursive eloquence, and inclined to

wander hither and thither in search of novelty and freshness.

"Nell," said Frostie as they were all nearing the bridge which spanned the stream in the heart of the forest, "I am sure this grass is not as crisp and juicy as that we passed awhile ago; I've half a mind to go back and take a turn in the forest to get something sweeter for an evening relish. Will you come?"

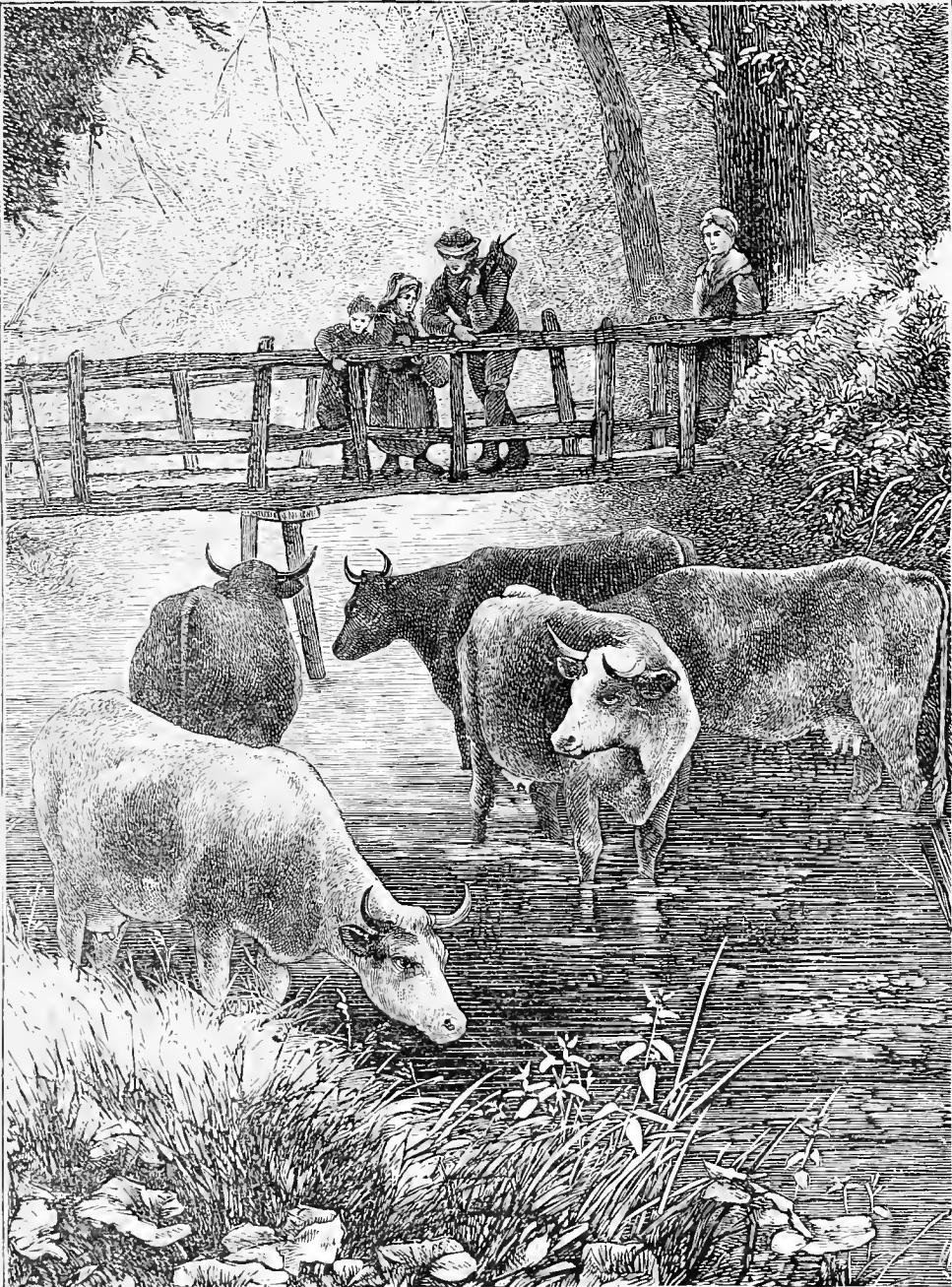
Frostie turned slowly around in the water and actually

started down the stream; but Nell hesitated, fearing to leave their older companions and wander alone. Just then Jack and Fanny Grey with their Uncle George came out on the bridge, and stopped midway to look at the delicious scene around them. The tall, arching trees, the clear, placid stream flowing calmly on, its banks covered with nodding flowers and tangled grass, the cows with velvet skins and arching, gleaming horns, flecking the water with dim shadows as they stood in its pleasant

depths, the sun breaking through the roof of green, and showering down its beams upon a square of flowery bank.

Jack put his knee upon the rail as though to carry out his wish and said:

"Uncle George, I wish I was a cow and just had nothin' to do but to wade in the water and eat cowslips."



"Ay, my little man; but we must all tread our own path in life. The cows don't appreciate their good luck, I'll be bound."

Nell turned her graceful head at these words to listen, and lowered softly to Frostie to wait a moment and hear what farmer George was saying.

"They follow up the stream," continued Uncle George, "from instinct. How can they *know*, like we do, that the grass along the banks is longer, thicker and sweeter than it is under the distant trees where it gets tough and yellow for want of water? Instinct's a powerful guide."

"Come, Frostie," said Nell, "let's go on with the others; do you hear what farmer George says; let us add prudence to instinct and thus become wise and useful cows."

Just then, the mother came on to the bridge from the other side, having come out to gather cresses for supper, and the children told her how cool and pleasant the water looked and how they wanted to wade.

"Not now," she said, "you must come with me, for grandmamma will be to supper and I must get our cress and hurry home. The cows will come along in good time, and I have some fresh meal slop for them that they may give us plenty of butter and milk for market."

And then, as mamma and Uncle George with the children walked away, Frostie and Nell turned their heads around and followed their elders, and soberly resolved to go patiently along in their own path following their leader, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but sure of the calm, blissful reward of all duty, contentment and peace.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

FIFTH EVENING.

Mother. "My little boys, would you like me to talk with you for awhile now? Grandma is tired of your noisy play, and you must be tired too. Sit down, and we will think of something good to talk about. In our last talk, one of you said a flood was a lot of water that covered all the ground and drowned all the folks and cattle. Some one came in and I did not get to explain to you that floods, generally, are not so dreadful as that. Sometimes they only cover a small portion of ground and do little or no damage. But that great flood, which came upon the earth in Noah's time was one that, as you say, drowned everybody that had not entered into the ark with Noah. He had taken in with him his wife and three sons and their wives. There were eight

of them, and from these eight persons the earth was again peopled after the flood ceased. Noah had also taken into the ark a pair of each kind of all the animals that the Lord had made. And also birds of all kinds, so that when they came out of the ark, they could multiply and fill the earth again. And the Lord told them to spread abroad and cover the face of the earth. But the people did not seem much inclined to do as the Lord told them in this matter for some time. They grew to be a strong and great people, and thought to build a tower so large and high that it would reach to heaven. So they began to build their great tower; but the Lord knew their thoughts, and what to do to stop their work. He confounded or confused their language, so they could not understand each other. Then they began to divide out, instead of staying and working altogether. And in a few years there were many nations on the earth."

First boy. "What did the people want to build the great tower for?"

M. "So they might climb upon it and keep out of the water if the Lord should again deluge the earth with a flood."

Second boy. "What is a tower like?"

M. "It is a very high, large building, generally larger at the bottom than the top so it will stand firm. Some towers are round, some are square. They are of different shapes and sizes."

LULA.

ESSAY ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY JAMES A. LANGTON.

WHEN we look around us and consider and think, we are surprised to see what greatness there is in littleness, what infinity lies below us and above us, and what beauty, design and wisdom are portrayed to us in all the works of God.

As God is the perfect, supreme soul and as our souls are the natural offspring of His, it is quite necessary that the souls on earth be brought up to a standard in harmony with God and His laws.

The Sabbath school is a place where the soul receives, or should receive, food for its development—a place where the heart is cultivated and where principles that lead the mind to God are engendered. Now to some the bare mention of the word religion causes them to turn away in disgust, and if they happen to open a book that contains a chapter on religion, they quickly close it and lay it to one side. This can be accounted for to some extent when the history of their lives

and early training is unfolded before us, and we then see that their development in this regard has been quite natural and that it in no wise violates God's law of "reproduction of kind."

The majority of natures, however, have within their hidden depths secret springs of faith and hope which incline them towards a Supreme Being, and often, very deep down under the thickest crusts of depravity these springs, gushing forth in an hour of adversity, lead a wayward soul to ask for aid and succor of Him who turneth not away. But lest I occupy too much space I will hasten on to the broad field before me and give some of my ideas in regard to Sabbath schools.

SINGING.

I accord to singing one of the highest places in every well-regulated Sabbath school. It is, in my opinion, one of the best mediums by which to get a good spirit, or the Spirit of God. You will remember that when Saul of ancient times was troubled and grieved with evil spirits, David was called to play before him, and very often his sweet music soothed Saul into slumber. The voice of nature as heard in the roaring of the cataract, the rumbling of the thunder, the whistling of the wind, the rippling of the brook, and the singing of the birds, gives us untold pleasure; and the effect of harmonious music as produced by the children of the Saints is doubly pleasing and inspiring.

A story is told of a little boy and bobolink, that will give you some idea of the charm of music over children. The facts, as I recall them, are to the effect that a small boy was straying one Spring morning in the garden, when he spied a bobolink sitting carelessly on the fence. True to his nature, the little fellow picked up a stone and cautiously approached the harmless bird with the view of doing him an injury. The little arm was drawn back and "bob" was in imminent danger of being knocked from the fence to the earth. Just at this moment his throat began to swell and he poured forth several strains of sweet music. The little arm dropped harmlessly, and the stone fell to the ground.

"Why didn't you hit him?" asked a passer by. The urchin paused a moment, as though ashamed of the motive that prompted the act, and then in a tone of childish simplicity replied, "I couldn't, 'cause he sung so."

Having said this much upon the effect of music I will now touch slightly upon the methods of conducting the singing in Sabbath schools. In some schools we find a choir. In others all the members of the school sing. Of the two methods, I very much prefer the latter. One of my reasons for preferring congregational singing is that in a Sabbath school where the choir sings, many of the teachers are called from their classes to aid in the singing, and the pupils are left to amuse themselves as they see fit. Almost invariably instead of listening to the singing they employ their time in play, and really, one cannot blame them for doing so, as the singing is an exercise in which the majority of them take no part and hence they interest themselves in something else. Again, where only members of a choir produce music for a Sabbath school it is only the best singers who are encouraged to develop any in the art of music, thus the weak and helpless in the art of music are neglected and even pushed back while the strong and self-reliant are promoted and encouraged. No person with good judgment would question the injustice of throwing money to the rich and by so doing making the poor still poorer; and I say, apply the golden rule in the case of singing or let the reasons for not doing so be known.

If the plan of congregational singing is carried out, I venture to predict that a better spirit would prevail the school and the general welfare of the pupils would be promoted.

PREACHING IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Too much preaching to young people, especially to children, is not good. What they can receive gratefully and what they need should be given.

Again, the instruction given to children from the pulpit in the Sabbath school is often not at all adapted to their minds. Imagine a Sunday school superintendent occupying half or three-quarters of an hour talking to a school of small children on politics. Can you think of anything more absurd? Yet this actually occurs in Sabbath schools.

Speeches to the children should be short and adapted to their natures. Every person who is in the habit of speaking to children should be able to relate incidents in a pleasing manner. These stories should contain moral truths, or something pertaining to religion, and they will then always have a greater and a better effect upon the minds of children than a sermon that they are not able to comprehend.

A WORD TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN THE SCHOOL.

If there is any work on earth that calls long and loudly for patience, faith, hope, love and all the cardinal virtues and Christian graces, it is the work of those who are engaged in teaching the young. We admire the skill of the artist who causes the inanimate canvas to take upon it life-like expressions. The sculptor, who from the shapeless and lifeless stone produces the semblance of the human form, obtains our highest praise. What then, should we accord to the true teacher who constantly and surely aims to ingraft such principles as will fully prepare those entrusted to his care, for a higher and nobler existence when time shall be no more?

As the work of the Sabbath school superintendents and teachers is eminently a "labor of love," it becomes them to be solicitous in gaining the affection and confidence of the children with whom they labor; indeed, no person can be a good teacher in the Sabbath school unless he possesses a genuine love for the young and for all humanity.

Fault should not be found with the pupils, but encouragement should be given them when there is the least shadow of their deserving commendation. God loves praise and so do His children; and often a word of approbation or praise, where it is deserved, will produce a good effect and help one who is weak or tempted, to bear a more manly part in life. Teachers should be patient and willing to wait for the result of their labors; for the good seed sown in the Sabbath school may be uprooted by other hands during the week but no one can rob the sower of the reward for his labors.

It would be well for teachers to visit the homes of their pupils and see the influences that surround them there; they can then govern themselves accordingly in the class.

I would say to parents, that if you love your children and seek their welfare, send them to the Sabbath school. See that they are prepared on a Sabbath morning so as to be at school on time. Join your efforts with those of the superintendents and teachers, and give them your sympathy and love to cheer them on their way. Remember, if you can teach your children the true course of life that you will give them something above price and that they, and you also, will be counted among the rare jewels when the river of life is crossed and you merge into the valley of eternity.

NIGHT SCENES IN A GREAT CITY.

FIFTH NIGHT.

BY KENNON.

ONE day I said to my friend, "Flynn, when you have nothing else to do, I wish you would take me through a large newspaper establishment. I want to see you toilers at your work. I want to witness in one night the perfection of a news journal from the scattered materials into a finished fact."

"Come with me to-night," he answered, "and you shall have your wish gratified. I have no important news engagements, and will cheerfully devote the hours between 8 p. m. and 4 a. m., to watching the work of others."

We went to the restaurant for dinner where most of the reporters took their evening meal. They were at their ease during the brief relaxation from work, from six o'clock until seven. I was interested in the snatches of conversation which came from the groups at the various tables. Sociability and friendliness seemed to characterize the association of these men although they were the employees of papers which were almost vicious in their rivalry. But this fraternal atmosphere was soon dissipated. The reporters, as their hour of work approached, donned their overcoats, and separated for their various fields.

Flynn said, "Let us go to the office, and while there I will explain the system upon which these fellows work."

A short ride in a horse-car brought us to the newspaper building, a handsome structure five stories high. Flynn led me first up to the third floor, which was devoted exclusively to editorial rooms. Passing through one of the doors, we entered the city department. This comprised two rooms. One was a large apartment, containing about thirty desks or tables, ranged against the walls. The other was a small room, within the larger, enclosed by glass, and having a high floor which would enable any occupant to oversee the workers at the thirty desks. Flynn told me that the large room was devoted to the use of the reporters, and that the smaller one, enclosed like a hot-house or conservatory, belonged to the city editor and his assistants. On a shelf in the reporters' room but standing against the frame of the inner apartment was an open book, the detail and instruction record. At the top of the page was the name of the paper with the printed date. The remainder of the page was divided into three columns. In the middle division was written the list of details, or in other words, the subjects which were to be investigated and written upon. In the left hand column, appeared the name of the reporter who was to perform each certain piece of work; while in the last column, directly across the page, was his signature, showing that he understood his detail and would attend to the requirement. This list was prepared by the city editor in his room, and then placed upon the shelf to be consulted by the rank and file of the army of news gatherers.

Both of the rooms were unoccupied except by a solitary reporter, whose disagreeable duty it was to take the "office evening watch." While we spent a few minutes in conversation with this young man, who proved to be as disagreeable as his detail and as profane as he was ill-tempered, the time passed until 8 o'clock. Promptly as the office time-piece indicated that hour the city editor entered; and closely following him several

reporters who had accomplished their details. Some of them rushed to their desks and began writing at a frantic speed. One or two others who had failed in their efforts or had found something of unusual importance, made their reports verbally to the head of the department.

(To be Continued.)

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued from page 50.)

I TOOK the precaution to place my *palanquin* on the veranda of the old bungalow, which partly served as a protection against an attack from wild beasts, with which this part of Orissa greatly abounded. I occupied the *palanquin*, while the bearers rested close to it. We slept very little during the night as the jackals around the bungalow uttered their piercing wails, and occasionally other packs at a distance would join in with them. At intervals, during the entire night our ears were saluted with the roaring of beasts of prey. In this part of the country the royal Bengal tiger is at home. The waters of the Mahannuddy delta are also a receptacle for the huge crocodiles which were to be seen as we traveled. I felt while in bed that I was in close proximity to a natural menagerie.

After sunrise we entered the jungle which was principally composed of thorny shrubs. It was difficult to make our way through the narrow path. The bearers often halting to pull the thorns out of their feet. They invariably kept up a chant, as they marched along. When among the thorns the hind bearers, not seeing their way, would chant in the Orissa language, for the lead bearers to be careful, while they would reply that they would. Frequently there would be a jar in the music when one stepped on a thorn. The sufferer would exclaim, *Conta, conta*, meaning, a thorn in his foot. There was then a short halt, when the thorn was, if possible, extracted, or as much of it as they could get out having nothing but their fingers to use as forceps. This done they would jog along the same as ever. The Hindoos can endure with heroic patience more bodily tortures and lacerations than any other people of which I have any knowledge. The principal portion of their religion, which enters into every part of their existence, is to perform austerities by torturing themselves; hence they thought it no hardship to march along with thorn stubs in their feet.

After emerging from the jungle, our path lay through *paddy* fields. After noon we arrived at a village called Pudumpore, where we halted. This village was adorned with a large pagoda enclosed with a massive granite wall. Near to this enclosure was a large tank with granite steps extending around and leading to the bottom of it. This and the pagoda were the center of attraction for the citizens of the village. Old and young, including the different castes, were to be seen in their time and proper places luxuriating in the tank, attending to the purificatory ablutions to atone for their hourly pollution. Some of the pollutions of the Hindoos are cause in this manner: If a child, after his teething, should die, all its relations and kindred are rendered impure. On the birth of a child all its relatives are also polluted. Whoever touches a

chandala, a new born child, or a corpse, is impure. A Brahmin who has touched a human bone is impure, hence these and a multitude of other natural occurrences render the Hindoos impure, and according to these religious rites must have recourse to the water for absolution.

It may not be out of place, in this connection, to refer briefly to a few of the sacred obligations to be observed hourly by the Brahminical caste. As soon as he rises from his couch, he rubs his teeth with the twig of the fig tree at the same time praying in his mind. Were he to neglect this sacred duty, all the numerous ceremonies attended to during the day would be of no effect. The next step is to deposit the twig used on his teeth, in a place free from impurities, according to the Hindoo idea of defilements. After this comes ablutions in some sacred river, or tank. The Brahmin worshiper stands in the water up to his breast, sipping water and sprinkling it before him, reciting to himself the *gayatri*, one of the most sacred texts of the *Veda*, with the names of the seven worlds. He then throws water eight times upon his head, afterwards he takes a brass vessel filled with water and sprinkles it upon the ground while reciting prayers; this has the effect to destroy demons which wage war with the gods. The next part of the ritual is to plunge three times into the water, each time repeating the expiatory test, which relates to the creation, after which he washes his mantle, when the morning ablutions are accomplished. The same routine has to be gone through at mid-day and even tide, differing somewhat in formula, but the same in substance. When he comes out of the water he puts on his mantle, ties a lock of his hair on the top of his head, sits down and worships the sun. During the intervals between the periods of ablution, he is engaged in various oblations, which occupy his whole time. I used to think when watching the Brahmins in performing their complicated ritual, if the Saints had to observe such religious tasks, they would soon become discouraged.

The Hindoos submit to immense religious burdens. My bearers also performed their ablutions in the tank, washed their bodies and smeared them with cocoanut oil, then painted themselves according to their respective caste, prostrated themselves before an image near by, prepared their meal of rice and vegetable currie and as soon as they had eaten, observed a few more religious rites. These done they announced that they were ready to proceed on their journey.

On that day's journey we passed through a banyan grove. Upon examination I found one of these trees to be the parent of more than one hundred trees; how this is brought about I explained in a former chapter. After passing over a narrow strip of sandy, desert country, covered with scrubby, thorny jungle, we again struck the Mahunaddy river, up which we traveled until we came to a ferry, when we crossed safely and soon arrived at Cuttack.

AN INCIDENT ON THE RHINE.

IT was a still, warm summer's night: the clear light of the moon, which was rising over the hills in its full splendor, sent a broad, silvery gleam upon the water, through which our boat was smoothly gliding. The last notes of a national song we had been singing were dying away, and no one cared to break the silence.

"What a noble river is our Rhine!" said some one at last; "how many thousands he carries safely up and down through-

out the year; how peacefully he lends his broad bosom for the trade and traffic of mankind! What a contrast to the restless sea with its storms and wrecks!"

"You are mistaken in thus describing the Rhine," said another. "He, too, has his seasons of unrest and emotion: a few strong bursts of rain in Autumn, an early thaw in Winter, and in Spring perhaps his floods inundate and devastate the land."

Many stories of the floods were told, and I, sitting listening, was vividly reminded of one which came from Switzerland, and which I shall attempt to relate:

During the summer of 1806, the shores of the mighty Rhine, made famous alike by poet and historian, were visited as usual by travelers from every nation. Autumn had cast her gloomy shadow over the land, a warning to perishing nature; but for a short time the smile of summer still played upon the smooth surface of the Rhine.

A short time indeed! for soon the long-closed gates of heaven were opened, and rain poured in torrents on the thirsty earth; hills and valleys were richly covered with the pure, white mantle of Winter, and the wind went sighing and moaning over all; the mountain torrents swelled, while the waters of the rivers rose, and rose, and rose, until the plains were flooded, and the iron-bound dykes built to protect the land gave way. Then the Rhine burst forth in wild rebellion, rushing and tossing along in its headstrong career, like some long-bridled monster suddenly released. Soon the dull, terrible sound of the storm-bell was heard, and the people of St. Gallen and Gusthansen awoke to a sense of their danger. Vainly they struggled with the treacherous river, now bearing in its muddy torrent trees, timber, parts of houses and mills, the traces of its work of devastation. Soon the whole plain became one tossing sea of white-topped, billows swallowing up vineyards and maize-fields as they rolled along.

In the little town of Brienen, not far from Cleve, there lived an aged widow with her only child, Johanna, a girl of seventeen. Another widow and her three children rented part of the cottage from them. Since morning they had seen the waters rising and deepening fast around the walls of their home; no way of escape was visible; and the unfortunate families patiently awaited their approaching fate.

But a noble resolution inspired Johanna: "Mother, I shall carry you through the water to the other side," the heroic girl exclaimed, and, with an encouraging promise to remember the friends she left behind, Johanna Sebus commenced her perilous journey through the angry torrent with her precious burden in her arms. In spite of the ever-rising waves and deepening waters, God blessed her devotion, and she placed her mother safe upon the opposite shore.

And now she fearlessly began her second passage over the widening gulf; but too late! She scarce had reached the middle of the torrent, when she saw the house with its living freight swept away before her. Horrified at the fate of her friends, and faint with her exertions, Johanna's strength failed her; she staggered, raised her eyes to heaven, and sank beneath the waves. Caressingly the river heaved and fell as with a violent embrace he seized his victim, and bore her rapidly away.

The memory of Johanna Sebus will ever be tinged with mingled pain and admiration—pain and pity for her sad fate, and admiration for her noble courage in such a strait; but her filial devotion and affection for the mother she left behind can never be forgotten. "She remained faithful unto death."

Selected.

ADMIRAL BLAKE AMONG THE PIRATES.

IT is a bright spring morning about the middle of the seventeenth century, and the port of Tunis is all in an uproar. Groups of faces, livid with fear or black with rage, throng the narrow, crooked, filthy streets; hands and swords are fiercely shaken seaward; shouts, screams, prayers, curses, make the air ring; mounted officers are flying to and fro along the shore; soldiers in gay dresses are hurrying to the batteries that command the harbor, on which their comrades are busy running out guns and laying ammunition ready; while haggard-looking men with chains at their ankles, and fair complexions very strange to see amid this crowd of dark skins, are being forced by blows and threats to drag heavy powder-chests or to pile up cannon-balls. Altogether, the town has quite the air of preparing for an assault.

And so indeed it is. Look seaward like the rest, and you will see a gallant squadron of armed vessels, under full sail and with the English flag flying, coming steadily over the bright blue sea toward the mouth of the harbor. Four weeks ago, Robert Blake, Admiral of the English fleet, under Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, came to demand the release of all Christian slaves and the abolition of piracy. He was received with insult, and departed (as the insulters thought) not to return; but to-day he is here again, to speak his message through the mouths of English cannon. "But what matter?" think the men of Tunis. "The English unbeliever's name is terrible, and he has cut off many of our ships at sea; but, if he had all the demons to help him, what can he do here? Have we not three strong earthworks fronting the entrance, and nine ships of war commanding it with their broadsides, and the great fort of Goletta in flank, all guns to the very water's edge? Let him come in! he'll never get out again!"

In one of the casemates of the huge fort sit four men, evidently soldiers of the garrison: a huge blubber-lipped negro, who seems to command the party; a long, lean, wiry Arab from Morocco; a handsome black-bearded Moor; and a half-breed from Algiers, with quaint patterns tattooed on his naked arms and a white scarf wound round his yellow, monkey-like face. On the other side of the little cell crouches a ragged, sickly figure, grey-haired and covered with wrinkles—but more through suffering than age.

"Now, you Christian dog!" shouts the Moor, turning from the grating through which he has been watching the advance of the English fleet, "if you won't help us to work, you shall stand here and look on, and see your countrymen sent to the bottom like cursed unbelievers as they are!"

As they seize and bind him to a ring-bolt in the wall, the captive's eyes light on the English flag-ship, on the high poop of which a tall figure in uniform has just appeared, looking keenly towards the shore.

It be th' Admiral hisself, God bless him!" mutters the prisoner. "Stand by us this day, O Lord, and let us not be ashamed afore our enemies!"

The solitary figure on the poop hails the shore, and is answered. A few fierce, short sentences are exchanged, and then the Admiral, tugging wrathfully at his long black whiskers (a gesture which England's enemies know to their cost), gives the order to "close in for action."

And now, as the great ships come sweeping on, the grim silence is broken by a strange sound. From every deck at once,

as if by common consent, rises in stern, deep-voiced cadence the Cromwellian battle-psalm:

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid."

But the last words are drowned by a deafening roar of artillery; and ships and shore, and sea and sky, vanish in one hot blast of rolling smoke.

"Allah has put much courage into the hearts of these infidels," says the Moor, with a glow of stern admiration, as he sponges the mouth of his gun, hot with an hour's incessant firing. "Stand to it, lads!" shouts the English prisoner, heedless of the savage blow that covers his face with blood the next moment; "stand to it—you'll beat 'em yet!"

But for the sustained thunder of their cannonade, it would be hard to tell whether the English vessels are still there or not; for the whole harbor is one great pit of stifling smoke, through which the flashes of the guns shoot like lightning playing in a cloud. Unseen ships combat unseen batteries; balls rain from invisible cannon, and death comes blindly, no one knows whence or how. Men bloodstained and grimed with powder, with faces inflamed and eyes bloodshot by the battle-fever, dart to and fro, sponging, loading, firing, in a kind of frenzy. Other men fall dead or dying on every side, and their comrades stride over their writhing bodies to their bloody work. But, through it all, the English cannonade roars on unslackening. Behind these huge grey walls, which loom ghost-like through the whirling smoke ever and anon, scores of our own countrymen are rotting in a misery worse than death; and this day they shall be set free, by God's help, if there be pith in English seamen. Stand to it, one and all!

Suddenly a tremendous, crashing explosion is heard overhead which seems to shake the whole fort from top to bottom. The four men start, and look inquiringly at each other.

"The ammunition must have caught fire and blown up the higher tier!" growls the negro through his clenched teeth, springing to the embrasure and peering through it. "Holy Prophet! what's this?"

As he speaks, there bursts through the cloud of smoke a red blaze, so broad, and bright, and fierce, that the whole sky seems on fire. In the teeth of the deadly hail that lashes the water into foam on every side, a handful of fearless men have launched their boat, pushed her in among the huge black hulls of the pirate vessels, and set them on fire every one.

"Our ships are burning!" yells the negro, striking his hands together.

There is a rush like the charge of a hurricane—a mighty crash—a choked, bubbling cry—and the cell is filled with blinding smoke and dust. When the cloud clears away the English captive finds himself the only man left alive. In the middle of the chamber, piled in one great heap of ruin lie the overturned gun and the fragments of its carriage, from beneath which straggle the crushed limbs of his four enemies, alive and triumphant one short moment ago.

Left thus alone, the Englishman soon frees himself from his bonds, and scrambling up to the embrasure, looks out upon as strange a scene as man ever saw. The firing has almost ceased, and the sea-breeze is beginning to lift the hanging clouds of smoke; while every feature of the scene stands out distinctly in the glare of the burning vessels. The English ships—some of them dismasted, and all sorely battered by the fray, but still undisabled and ready for action—stretch

across the centre of the harbor. The nine great ships of war moored along the shore are all one red, roaring blaze, beneath which the smooth water is like a lake of blood, and the tall minarets of the town seem tipped with living fire. The land batteries have long since crumbled into shapeless mounds of dust, around which the limbs and corpses of the defenders lie strewn like leaves; while here and there an overturned gun stands up from a heap of dead, with not a hand left to point or to fire it.

Suddenly a white flag is seen to run up over the central battery, and, a moment later, a boat puts off from the shore to the English flag-ship. The pirates have had enough of it, and the Admiral's work is done.

Then, from the hacked and bloody decks of the flag-ship, and in another moment from all the English vessels at once, rise in solemn accord the opening words of the grand old Ninety fourth Psalm:

"O God, Thou dost revenge all wrong,
Vengeance belongs to Thee!"

"Ay, for sure, God has fought for us this day, and the heathen be confounded!" says the watcher at the embrasure, with stern triumph. "I'll see Old England again yet afore I die!"

And he is right; for, a few days later, he is standing with a score of his fellow-prisoners on the deck of an English vessel homeward bound; while the pirates, recovering by slow degrees from that terrible lesson, are already beginning to meditate fresh outrages, which shall draw down fresh punishments in their turn, till, two centuries hence, another English fleet, with Exmouth at its head, shall destroy their last stronghold, and sweep them away for ever.

Selected.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF MISSIONARIES.

BROTHER GEORGE CRANE while traveling in the Newcastle conference, England, witnessed the following cases of healing, as related by himself:

"At Stockton there had been considerable sickness among the Saints, and the blessings of the true gospel, the everlasting heritage of the faithful, have been manifest in a marked degree. Brother James Appleton, a young member of the Church, had a child taken sick, nigh unto death. They sent for a physician, and when he had seen the child he used very ungentlemanly language to them, and wanted to know why they had not sent for him before. He said the child was dying. They sent for one of the local Elders, who prayed over the child, anointing it with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith did save the sick. I subsequently saw the little one, and it certainly looked as though it might yet live to bother the United States government, by emigrating to Utah.

"Another case was that of a man who had been disfellowshipped from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was very ill, the doctor saying he was past hope of recovery and that he could not do anything for him. But the prodigal thought of his Father in his great trouble, and sent for the Elders, who, by virtue and authority of the holy Priesthood which they hold, anointed him with oil, laid their

hands upon him and blessed him in the name of Jesus Christ, and by the power of God he was made whole. I saw this man afterwards baptized for the remission of his sins, thanking God that he was once more permitted to enter the true fold of Christ."

BROTHER S. L. BALLIF, now a resident of Logan city, was presiding over the Swiss and German mission, in 1880. On one of his visits to the city of Berlin, where a branch of the Church had been organized, he was betrayed by an apostate and with his two companions was banished from the kingdom of Prussia. He thus describes the incident:

"While engaged in worship we were interrupted by two officers of the police. Without further ceremony they ordered all the brethren present and a few of the sisters to follow them to the nearest station. Then, after writing down the names, ages, residences, and trades or professions of the members present, the Berlin Saints were called in succession into an adjoining room, questioned by the lieutenant of the station and sent home. Elders Rosenbaum, Kienke and myself were called last and pointedly questioned until nearly one a. m. of the following day, when we were forwarded, by carriage to the central police building. Then we were invited to hand our pocket-books and papers over and were put into jail, where we spent the rest of the night and part of the next day, as criminals, on hard benches, in the company of a policeman. In the morning we were called twice before the highest police officers, who very minutely inquired into our intentions, connection with the Saints in Berlin, principles and practices. About three p. m. we were informed that we were ordered out of the kingdom of Prussia, under penalty of four weeks imprisonment, fine and transportation to the frontier if we should again be found within the limits of the said kingdom. We were required to sign two declarations, stating that we fully understood our position and promising to act accordingly. Several officers of the police chancery inquired, with much interest, into our principles and took our address, in order to send for some of our publications.

"The depositions of the Saints at the police examination were truthful, and all went on to our satisfaction. There is no appeal for us from the decision of the police court, and we must admit that the highest civil authority has been consulted in the matter and will have to shoulder the responsibility of the act before high heaven. We felt very free during the whole proceeding, and those who questioned us have had to listen to our statements with regard to the restoration of the gospel and the establishment of the kingdom of God."

HOW HE WON A PLACE.—"Sir," said a boy addressing a man, "do you want a boy to work for you?"

"No," answered the man, "I have no such want."

The boy looked disappointed; at least the man thought so, and he asked: "Don't you succeed in getting a place?"

"I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy—but it is not so, I find."

"Don't be discouraged," said the man in a friendly tone.

"Oh! no, sir," said the boy cheerfully, "because this is a very big world, and I feel certain that God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so," said a gentleman who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you." He was a doctor, and the doctor thought any boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it; so he took the boy into his employ, and found him all that he desired.

Selected.

ZION PROSPERS! ALL IS WELL.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW.

MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Allegretto con moto.

O awake my slumb'ring minstrel—Let my heart forget its spell; Say, O say in sweetest accents, Zi - on
 pros-pers! All is well. Zi - on pros-pers! Zi - on pros - pers! Zi - on pros - pers! All is well.

Strike a chord unknown to sadness,
 Strike, and let its numbers tell,
 In celestial tones of gladness,
 Zion prospers! All is well.

Zion's welfare is my portion,
 And I feel my bosom swell
 With a warm, divine emotion
 When she prospers: all is well.

Zion, lo! thy day is dawning,
 Through the darkness shadows swell;
 Faith and hope prelude the morning—
 Thou art prospering: all is well.

Thy swift messengers are treading
 Thy high courts where princes dwell;
 And thy glorious light is spreading—
 Zion prospers: all is well.

E N I G M A .

BY C. M. W.

I AM a word of five letters:
 My 2, 3, 4 is a kind of drink.
 My 5, 3, 4, 2 is a kind of food.
 My 1, 2, 3, 5 is part of a pipe.
 My 5, 4, 2, 3 is an officer on a ship.
 My 5, 4, 1, 2 is part of a ship.
 My 3, 4, 1, 2 is a point of the compass.
 My 2, 3, 4, 5 is used by farmers.
 My whole is one of the most powerful agents of civilization.

this, at least: I have learned how a lake looks when pebbles are thrown into it."

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 3, is "Nothing." We have received correct solutions from B. J. Beer, Salt Lake City; L. J. Holley, Springville, Utah County; Celia Raymond, Kaysville, Davis County; George Weston, Laytown, Rich County.

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